

The Spoils: Third attempt

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Summary: Join a small squad of Super Soldiers as they fight to live, and live to fight. OCs R&R, please. A re-write of a re-write.

The Spoils: Third attempt

\_**A/N: Ok, guys. Third try. Here we go!\*\*\_**

\* \* \*

><p>The pods hit the ground, causing a massive cloud of ash to rise and spread through the seemingly abandoned city streets. One by one, the doors fall from the pods, and three figures step from the plume of ash, weapons ready, searching the empty streets for non-existent threats.<p>

"Dragonlace, sound off."

The command is simple, routine and calm.

"Dragon two, green."

The second voice is just as mechanical, although distinctively feminine.

"Dragon three, green."

The third voice belongs the largest figure, and is gravelly and raspy, although less mechanical, and somehow more human.

"Dragon Actual, Green. Proceed toward the marked objective," the first voice commands, while gesturing up the broken, scorched road. Dragon Actual's armor is a scratched, charred, and dented, and in places, just barely visible, are its original colors, a shade of burgundy mixed with green. His DMR is pointed forward, still scanning for enemies, and on his right hip was an M6D, secured there by the

magnetic plates in his armor.

The trio proceeds up the road, taking cover here and there behind the burnt out corpses of vehicles and the rubble of destroyed buildings.

Dragon three was the most easily distinguishable by far. Not just by his voice, or his deep Hellbringer chestplate, but by his immense size. His war torn armor also barely showing its colors of blue and black. There were two jet black tanks built into his armor, and from those, protruded tubes made of a vacuum proof mesh feeding into slots on his right forearm armor and then the back of his right hand. A BR-55 rested in his hands, and an SMG was attached to either of his thighs.

Dragon two was the smallest, and her armor the newest looking by far, as the black and gray paint on her armor was clearly visible. The color of her armor made her nearly invisible in the urban, ash filled area, except for the long, deep gashes in her chestplate made by the bayonet of a brute's Spiker. The weapon in her hand resembled what was once a standard SRS, but had a shorter barrel, stock, and jet black coloring. The scope had been mineralized to make the weapon less top heavy, and was much more streamlined, giving the weapon an overall sleek, futuristic look. On her back rested the exact opposite of the SRS, a shotgun, although it too had been heavily modified, the barrel length had been halved, and the stock was nonexistent. A drum magazine and a foregrip hinted at the weapons secret: the firing mechanism had been modified as well, and fired fully automatic with a rate of fire that could literally take your breath away.

"Stop, we're here," said Dragon Actual, as his squad reached the end of the road they had been traveling on. Directly in front of them, almost a hundred meters off, an immense building set, its great height stretching up past the layer of smoke that hid the city from the sky.

"Thermal scans are showing an overwhelming amount of covenant activity inside," He continued, "Objective is on the thirty-second floor, all power is gone, except covie tech. Three, I want you on point. Two, cover our asses," Dragon Actual pointed at three.

"Sir?"

"Breach the wall, doors gonna' be covered."

"Sir."

The large man stepped over the skeletal remains of what used to be a bush or shrub, and the produced, shaped, and placed a large square of C-12 on the wall a few feet from the door. He inserted a detonator and stepped back, looking to his leader for the signal.

"Do it."

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>HUGE thanks to Katsuhiko, who reviewed, and gave me the tips i needed, and the motivation, to Re-Re-Write The Spoils<strong>\_

End  
file.